

Feeling that God is calling us as a church to take aggressive steps to fulfill his command to evangelize the world, we, too, decided to hold a meeting to consider plans whereby we may be best able to answer that call. After a careful and prayerful consideration of the matter we decided to take the initial step in the organization of an aggressive forward movement which has already been described by Prof. Furry in the EVANGELIST.

The response of the churches of the brotherhood indicate a willingness to let God use them and we are hopeful that the Brethren church will, in the near future, be an instrument in the hand of God to accomplish much toward the evangelization of the world.

Could I but help you to see a vision of the world, as we saw it; could I cause you to catch something of the inspiration that one must feel when in the presence of these men and women of God who are giving their lives for the conversion of those who know not Christ. Could I cause you to see the darkness, the utter darkness of heathendom; could I make you to hear the call that comes from the oppressed, the downtrodden, the lost of all lands where the gospel has not been preached; could I help you to hear God's call to evangelize the world, then would I be glad and would feel that our presence at this greatest of missionary conventions had resulted in good to us as a church.

The cries come from all lands of heathendom for the light and blessings of the gospel that we enjoy.

Will we hear their call? God says, "The fields are white already unto the harvest," "The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few etc.," "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations etc." Will you hear him?

Christ must be crowned "king of all the world" but your hand must help place the crown on his brow. Will you do it?

God grant that we as a church and that we as individuals may heed these calls and do our part that Christ may say unto us, "In as much as ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done unto me."

J. C. BEAL.

NEW YORK NOTES

J. L. GILLIN

A DWARF MAN

A few days ago going down town on the car as I got off at Twenty Third St. there stood a man waiting to get on who was about the most abbreviated specimen of a man I ever saw. I do not believe he was over three feet tall. He was so short that the conductor had to help him up the step to the platform. He seemed to be correctly proportioned, but was small. He carried a dressing case proportioned to his size, had a mustache and wore a plug hat. He certainly, to use the phrase applied by the boys to a professor I once had in school, was "sawed

off." He looked like a man, talked like a man, and was a man except that his stature was that of a child five years, he was a dwarf.

I thought, how like that man are some Christians! They have gone thru all the stages, seemingly, which lead to manhood in Christ, yet they are "sawed offs" spiritually. They have been in the church long enough to be grown up but they are such little dwarfs. Of course, they count as Christians fullgrown but when it comes to doing the work expected of a man in Christ instead of a babe in Christ they can't do it.

They, like the dwarf-man, are cases of "arrested development", only his was physical while theirs is spiritual. Some of them haven't even left the "bottles" of their spiritual childhood. They cling to them with the grip of death. Well, I suppose, such will be saved, but they will be cases "as by fire." Too many of us are willing to be "babes in Christ" in Christ all our days. Too many churches are simply baby forms. Every little old baby has to be "toadied" and petted so much that those in charge have little time left for anything else. I'm so thankful that it has not yet been my lot to serve such a church, but most of us who have eyes know of such churches and all of us know of a number of such "dwarf Christians." Let us not be baby Christians forever. Let us every one determine by God's grace to be men and women in Christ.

A WOMAN IN RAGS

In such a great city as this one sees the extreme of social life. One has but to go up to Central Park any bright afternoon and watch the fine carriages roll by with their liveried drivers, gold mounted harness and the people within dressed in the riches of a dozen different lands, rustling in their silks and sparkling with their diamonds to see the rich and fashionable side of life, the so-called "upper class."

And the other extreme can be easily found too. It is no less striking than the other. A few mornings ago while the weather was still very cold as I started up to the Seminary I saw a crowd gathered about a door-step a few doors from ours. A policeman was standing in the midst of the crowd. As I looked over the shoulders of the mob, there under the steps which led from the street up to the first floor door I saw a woman probably fifty years old just completing her toilet by putting on an old ragged coat. She evidently was a rag picker, here made up of people who generally have been pushed to it either by misfortune or vice. Her great bags of rags lay there. They had been her bed and her covering for the night except the cold un pitying sky. There she had slept. And the policeman had found her and had rudely wakened her from her drunken sleep.

The sight of it made me sad. Perhaps she was somebody's mother. At least she was someone's daughter. But the flower of her womanhood was gone. The redness of her eyes, the wrinkles of her face told the

story,—another woman without womanhood. And what sight is more tragic!

I have realized since here as never before two things:

1. The absolute necessity of a birth from above to make men what God intended they shall be. Education, philanthropy and charity are all very well, but it takes Jesus Christ to save people and keep them saved.

2. The crying injustice and awful tragedy of our present social system. It is a terrible thing that our present system makes it so hard to do right and so easy to do wrong, that there are ten thousand fists which strike down where there is one hand outstretched to lift up.

The poor pay the taxes both directly and indirectly. The rich damn their souls to keep from paying them. The poor are the ones which fill the tenements and keep the saloons going and it is they who are crushed beneath the wheels of our chariot of progress. Not that anyone in particular is to blame for the system, as I can see it, but here it is in all its horrible cruelty and naked ugliness.

The ugly emptiness of the lives of most of the rich, who have so little to do that all kinds of games must be invented to keep them from getting lonesome; this shameless conscience-less extravagance on self in matters which help no one, when money is so much needed to help save men; and the horrible *ennui* they feel, the gnawing hunger for satisfaction which selfish enjoyment can never give, but which on the contrary, self-sacrifice for another's well fare always brings,—all this in the lives of the idle rich makes one almost despair.

Then at the other extreme the small cramped lives, the daily, yearly grind of the power, their bondage to vicious habits besides which the treadmill of Samson was a joy, their hopeless future,—all this is terribly depressing. O, ye people who live on the farms and country towns of Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Kansas and Washington, thank God that you have neither the riches or poverty of this great city.

More splendid in its superb wealth than Babylon or Rome, the center of the commerce of this western world, artistically and educationally "the eye of America," it has the vices of Sodom multiplied a hundred fold, the black superstition of Mediaeval Rome and the poverty and squalor of savagery intensified by the fact of the existence along side of it the very flower of our civilization. Our great cities are truly the storm centers of our civilization.

JEWISH BUTCHER SHOPS

The sons of Jacob control the meat business of this city as well as the second-hand clothing and the loan office business.

The strict Jews will eat no meat but what is slain in accordance with their laws and traditions. Since there are so many Jews here, there was therefore a demand for Jewish butchers. And these natural born mon-